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ORNITHOLOGY.

We have seen three curious and beautiful specimens of birds, lately killed in this country, now exhibiting in Suffolk-street Museum.

The Golden Oriole, (*orioles galbula*) was shot in the county of Wicklow, the female was killed near the same place last year. This bird is a native of Africa, and is very rarely to be met with in this latitude.

The Hoopoe (*upupa epops*) was killed on the estate of Lord Llandaff, county Tipperary; one of these birds was shot about twelve months since at Balbriggan, and a Cornish miner some weeks since saw a flock of six alight in a potato field in Cornwall.

The African Heron, (*ardea caspica*), a beautiful specimen, was shot in Carrickmacross; it is the first that has ever been heard of in Ireland.

THE DRAMA.

We have not often witnessed so crowded an audience as filled the theatre on Saturday evening, on the occasion of the first appearance of Miss Paton and Mr. Wood. Recent circumstances, of public notoriety, have contributed to render them objects of no ordinary interest; and in consequence, long before the doors were opened, numbers had assembled, some anxious to gratify idle curiosity, and others attracted thither by the opportunity of hearing the first British vocalist of the day. This gratification, however, was for some time suspended by the tumult which prevailed, until near the end of the first act, and which continued at intervals during the night; but Miss Paton's enchanting execution of "How blest the Maid," diffused its magical effect throughout the house, and the feuds of adverse parties appeared for a while forgotten in the admiration of her wonderful powers. She gave the air in question with the most touching pathos and exquisite taste; it elicited a general *encore*, as did also Bishop's beautiful ballad, "She never blamed him, never," which Miss Paton sang without accompaniment. Her figure is much more attenuated than when last we saw her; her voice, however, is not only unimpaired, but, in our opinion, even improved in richness and volume. Her style is evidently founded on the best models of the British school, unsullied by those meretricious ornaments of Italian growth, with which some vocalists disfigure our English music. Her intonation is perfect, her shake beautifully articulate, and the celerity and precision with which she executes the more rapid passages, leaves her without a competitor on the English stage.

There was nothing characteristic in Mr. Wood's Hawthorn, nor do we think him entitled to rank higher than a second-rate singer: he has certainly improved in style, and appears to have cultivated a musical taste since we last heard him; he possesses also some notes in the middle octave of his voice, which are exceedingly sweet, but his lower tones are ineffective, and his falsetto extremely meagre. Since he appeared, we have heard him with most satisfaction in several ballads, for which we think his voice more peculiarly adapted.

The Maid of Judah, with music by Rossini, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. R. Lacy, is to be brought out at our theatre during Miss Paton's engagement. It is already in rehearsal, and the chorus and orchestra have been augmented in consequence.

MUSIC.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PIANO FORTE, WITH PROGRESSIVE LESSONS, &c.—G. A. Hodson, Dublin.

The object of the author of the present work is, evidently, to comprise in an abridged and cheap form, such elementary instructions and lessons as are necessary in attaining a knowledge of the piano forte;—the books already in use, on the same subject, are, from the quantity of matter they contain, necessarily sold at a high price: to meet general convenience, therefore, Mr. Hodson has condensed in his little book as much of useful information as is necessary for the young beginner. The didactic parts are simple and explicit, but we do not approve of the introduction of familiar airs as first lessons for the pupil; we have always preferred the selection, if possible, of original subjects, as they tend more to confirm the performer in a knowledge of time, which a susceptible and good musical ear will learn to dispense with, where a tune is employed with which it is already acquainted. In other respects, however, we think the work well calculated to answer the purpose of its author.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENT OF A TALE.

"For a moment let
My soul, the years that are between, forget,
And I will tell you what I know or knew
Of him, and of his fate." We mutely drew
Around the soft historian, as she told
A tale that touched me then.

Like morning melting into day,
Boyhood yet lingered round the grace
Of youth's advancing light in him;
Not yet full-orbed, the calm to chase
Of passion's twilight softly dim,
From thought and life away:
And like the loftiest forest bough,
That's dancing to the spring-wind now,
He then was; with a living joy
Diffused about him fresh and green,
Like that which nothing can destroy:
A free and simply noble mien,
You could not see and soon forget;
An eye whose merry boldness met
Yours, with a brilliance soul-refined.

And yet a slight, slight shade of gloom
Crept o'er him, as the shadow creeps
Over a summer landscape's bloom,
That one continual sunshine steals.

One evening in our happy ring,
He had sat silent long;
His thoughts I deemed had taken wing
Back to the dazzling throng,
Where but that morning's dawn had found
His step the lightest on the ground;
And I had no desire to break
His musings, or disturb his cheek,
To cast its strange defection by
Awhile, if but in courtesy:
Yet when some flash of glittering wit,
Our circles calm a moment lit;
By habits force unpurposely,
I turned the well-known smile to meet,
In those gay eyes so darkly sweet:
No smile illumed them; but instead,
The lustre through their gloom was spread,
Of tears undropped so brightly full,
I feared they would have overflowed,
Ere from their glance still beautiful,
In haste I had withdrawn my own;
And yet defiantly they tried
As half in shame and half in pride,
To front me, and like chance to look;
But suffering may not be mistook;
And he was like the crystal brook,
Whose depths are soon despoiled.
There was the tiredness of the heart
On attitude and brow
So stamped; it mocked at custom's art,
An instant veil to throw
O'er nature's strength—I felt they were
Too surely tears that glittered there,
Startled, abashed, and vexed to see

A mystery was not meant for me:
I turned my eyes' intruding ray,
I knew not where in pain away;
And saw not, did those large drops weigh
The black fringe down, and swiftly force
Thence an escape, or were they preest
Back hotly to their throbbing source,
The silence of his breast.
I only marked he quickly broke
His own long wordlessness, and spoke,
Aye, spoke even gayly! yet to me
More sad that acted gaily,
Than had he bent his head, and let
The flood of gathered anguish wet
His covering hands, beside me there;
For I know what it is to bear
Up with a desperate effort thus,
Against the truth, and speak and smile,
When earth with all it holds, from us
Swims blackened and confused the while.

Z. Y.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

A Ballad from the German of Schiller,
BY JOSEPH SNOW.

"Knight, true sister love may solely
Feel this heart for thee,
Ask not other love, unholy
Grief 'twould give to me:
Calm then I can see thee lying—
Calm departing too,
But thy silent tears and sighing,
Cannot calmly view."
Sorrow-struck he hears her: rudely
Forth his red blood flings;
In his arms he clasps her mutely:
On his steel he springs.
Swift to Switzerland, then sending
For his warriors best,
To the holy tomb they're wending,
Cross'd upon each breast.
Doughtiest deeds was then achieving
Each heroic arm;
High their helmet plumes were heaving,
Where foes thickest swarm:
And "the Tottenburger," shouted,
Leaves the Mussulman:
Still his soul from sorrow rooted,
Nought dissever can.
Full a year thus pass'd he ruing,
But more deep he grieves,
Peace he finds is vain pursuing,
So his troops he leaves:
Sees a barque with sails outswelling,
Weigh from Joppa's shore,
To the land of his love's dwelling,
Turns he home once more.
To her castle's portals rushing,
Loud the pilgrim rung:
Ah! like thunder-stroke, heart crushing,
Hears he as they're swung:
"She you seek, the veil now bearing,
Is the bride of heaven;
Yester's feast as night was nearing,
She to God was given."
Now forsakes he, and for ever,
His paternal towers;
Arms nor true steed more shall never
Glad his darkened hours;
From the Toggenburg descending,
Hastes he all alone
With coarse hair-cloth's folds defending,
His bold limbs alone.
And he builds a lowly dwelling,
By the convent's bound,
Where the gloomy lindens swelling
Shade the cloister's round;
There when morn's fair ray first lightened,
'Till eve's gleam last shone,
With a face by fond hope brightened
Sat he all alone.
Looking all that cloister over,
Hours without a pang,
'Till her l. tice to that lover
Oped with welcome clang;
And that lovely maid there shewing
To his senses wild,
Calm the vale below was viewing,
Like an angel mild.
Down he then would lay him joying,
Soon soft sleep would sail,
Dreams of her his soul employing,
'Till morn came again.
And so watched he, days full many
Years, long years—nor pang
Felt he, nor complaint made any,
For that window's clang.
'Till that lovely maid there shewing,
To his senses wild,
Calm the vale below was viewing,
Like an angel mild.
And so sat he there one morning
Lifeless—without fail,
To that lattice loved, still turning
His cold face, and pale.

Cork, June, 1830.